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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## "THE DANCING MARVEL."



Miss Bertha Winder, a London girl, who has just won the world's championship in a ladies' clog-dancing competition at Bolton.

## ST. LEGER DAY AT DONCASTER.



The scene in the rings at the Doncaster meeting, waiting for the start of the St. Leger. In the top corner is a picture of unbeaten Pretty Polly, who won yesterday's great race in a canter.

## THE INVASION OF ESSEX.



Yesterday morning General French successfully landed his army of "invaders" at Clacton. Early in the morning the fifteen great transports steamed slowly up towards the town, and anchored about a mile and a half off the pier. The landing operations were hurried forward—the big stool barges and pontoons were lowered and put off for the shore laden with troops. The first landing party made for the Jetty, a quarter of a mile south of the pier. Our photograph shows the men landing.

## JOLLY JUMBO.



Who is said to be the heaviest man in the world. He weighs close on 40 stone, and will hold his fourth annual charity festival for cabmen and 'busmen, in aid of the Willesden Cottage Hospital, at Wembley Park on Monday next.



## SAFE FOR A TIME.

Bulk of Kuropatkin's Army  
Reaches Mukden.

## TERRIBLE RETREAT.

Sufferings of the Jaded and  
Famished Troops.

## WOUNDED LEFT TO DIE.

General Kuropatkin has arrived at Mukden. Such is the brief message received from St. Petersburg yesterday, but although a later message adds that the bulk of the Russian forces have also reached Mukden, it does not follow that they have shaken themselves free from the tireless Japanese, and, indeed, it is reported that part of the retreating army is in danger of being cut off.

It is believed in St. Petersburg that General Kuropatkin will fight at Mukden, but the Russian convoys are fleeing north through the town, which makes a battle there improbable.

## KUROKI'S DARING MOVE.

General Kuroki is hastening to occupy a position north-east of Mukden, and, in fact, it is said that before General Kuropatkin's telegram announcing that he had extricated his army from their dangerous situation had been received, the Japanese forces were between the head of the Russian column and Mukden.

There is a river—the Hsu—five miles north of Mukden, and if General Kuroki can manage to reach its banks before the fleeing Russians, a desperate battle must ensue.

Meanwhile, on the right and left flanks, the other Japanese armies are close on the heels of the remnant of the Russian forces, harassing them continually, and attempting to close an immense circle round them.

## HORRORS OF THE RETREAT.

Terrible scenes are being witnessed during the flight of the shattered and beaten Russians, and the retreat is being carried out under deplorable conditions.

The rivers are in flood, torrential rains have turned the roads into morasses, and carriages and baggage proceed with despairing slowness.

The Red Cross Society has established posts along the line of retreat for tending the wounded and distributing food and hot tea to the famished troops, but so terrible is the distress of the fleeing soldiers that many of the wounded have had to be abandoned, and left to die on the road from hunger and thirst.

## REARGUARD ISOLATED.

MUKDEN, Tuesday.

Part of the Russian Army which is retreating to Mukden by the wagon road is in danger of being cut off.

Troops, guns, and transport are pouring into Mukden by train and road. A considerable portion of the transport has been left behind, as the roads are in a terrible state.

The main army is evacuating Mukden and pushing northwards.—Reuter's Special Service.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.

It was stated at the General Staff at five o'clock this afternoon that no news had been received from General Kuropatkin, leading to the supposition that any part of the Russian rear had been isolated.—Reuter.

## MUKDEN TO BE ABANDONED.

ROME, Wednesday.

It is reported here that Mukden has been transformed into a state of siege, although it is believed the Russians are disposed to retreat further north. All preparations have been made to abandon the town, destroying and setting fire to what is left.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

## "ALL IS WELL."

PARIS, Wednesday.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris," says:—

"The number of Russians killed and wounded in the fighting of August 31 and September 1 and 2 is estimated at 21,900. The Japanese lost over 30,000 men."

In a telegram which was received here this evening (September 6) General Kuropatkin states that all is well. He adds that he is not afraid of being surprised.—Reuter.

## QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN DENMARK.

STAVANGER, Wednesday.

Queen Alexandra arrived here on board the royal yacht at half-past five this afternoon. The town is decorated with flags.

The Victoria and Albert will proceed to Bergen to-morrow.—Reuter.

## CARNIVAL OF DEATH.

Port Arthur Shops Turned Into  
Charnel Houses.

## YOUNG GIRL'S AWFUL FATE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

Captain Lezhinsky, the last officer to break his way through the Japanese lines, has given a Russian correspondent the following vivid picture of the horrors witnessed after the first attacks on the outlying forts of Port Arthur:—

"The hospitals and private houses were crowded with dying men. But nothing exceeded in horror the interiors of some of the shops, in which along the counters, with heads hanging over one side and feet drooping over the other, lay long rows of those who had died, cast here for the brief interval between dissolution and burial.

"Tracks of blood as from a slaughter-house, ran from these once spotless floors into the middle of the road, marking the path pursued by the interminable procession of death.

## ONE GLANCE INSIDE.

"One shop I passed was crowded with town idlers and resting soldiers. Surprised at the sight—for all avoided these charnel houses which exhaled infection under the damning sun—I peeped in.

"On the floor knelt an old woman in tears, and from the counter above, touching her own grey locks, hung a golden cascade of hair with above it the pale but unstained and yet beautiful face of a young girl, no more than sixteen, killed, though outwardly uninjured, by the concussion of a Japanese shell.

"On either side of her—it was a contrast too terrible for words—lay rows of naked, grim, unshaven, and ferocious heroes—carved, dismembered, mutilated beyond words—torn from the merciless hospital wards by merciful death.

"I turned, sickened, away, but an unconquerable curiosity drew me back to the spot. Jolt, jolt, jolt across the cobbled road, furrowed and torn in places by Japanese shells, came three telegraph (peasant carts), and drew up at the door.

## CHARON'S TASK.

"A wizened, hideous, old man, with a face like Charon's, chewing a straw, strolled indifferently into the chamber of horrors, and, seizing the corpse of a boy soldier, cast it with a thud into the cart. The crowd looked on as at an interesting play—we had all become hardened. 'That fellow has long ears,' said a loiterer, grinning.

"Then Charon reappeared. Unmoved as before, he cast his arms around the girl and bore her to the door. The old woman looked dazed and made no sign of understanding, but as the last cart rattled round the corner of the block, she walked to the door and screamed.

"I had fought these days in the trenches and saw whole companies blown to bits. During those days all the accumulated horrors of earth and hell seemed to have raged around me. Yet not until I heard that mother's scream and watched that impassive but maniacal face, did I feel the thrill of terror and despair which comes to every man but once in his life."

## ANOTHER HAGUE CONFERENCE.

One More "Step Towards Universal Peace."

NEW YORK, Wednesday.

Mr. Richard Bartholdt, a member of the Congress and chairman of the American delegation to the Inter-Parliamentary Union, to-day announced that the Congress at St. Louis is to ask President Roosevelt to call a second peace conference similar to that held at The Hague, the new conference to be empowered to negotiate arbitration treaties between all nations represented.

"This does not mean disarmament," Mr. Bartholdt said, "but it does mean a great step towards universal peace." Mr. Roosevelt had assured him that he would call the conference within a year's time.

One of the English members present said that if Mr. Roosevelt summons the conference his request will be regarded as mandatory by the Legislatures and heads of all foreign nations.—Lafan.

## GIPSY BEAUTIES' DUEL WITH HATCHETS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

From Lyons comes the news of a fearful hatchet duel between two beautiful gipsy women.

The duel was the result of a love quarrel. After many feints, one of the combatants managed to get home a blow which cut off part of one of her antagonist's cheeks. She was proceeding to give the coup de grace when some spectators intervened and parted the combatants after a terrible struggle.

## LORD KITCHENER'S GRAND TOUR.

Lord Kitchener proposes to visit Karachi early in November, subsequently proceeding to Calcutta, Assam, and Manipur, and across the hills to Burma.—Reuter.

## HOLIDAY TRAGEDIES.

Judge's Little Daughter Drowned  
in North Wales.

A distressing accident has cost the life of the bright little fourteen-year-old daughter of Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court.

The family, who have been staying at Pwllheli, on the Cardiganshire coast, had paid a visit to the Bay of Aberdaron.

Miss Joan Parry accompanied her brother to the cliffs for the purpose of taking photographs, and while he was thus engaged she descended to the rocks in order to inspect St. Mary's Well.

While standing there her friends were horrified to see her swept into the water by a wave and carried out to sea. She was drowned before assistance could be rendered. The body has not yet been recovered.

Miss Parry was the Judge's youngest daughter, a light, merry child when but seven years of age, beside her learned father on the Bench while he has been trying causes.

## EXCITING RESCUE.

The bathing parade at Scarborough was the scene yesterday of a very narrow escape from drowning. The tide was rising when Gerald Pearson, aged fourteen, was carried off his feet by the current.

He was unable to swim, but his cries for help were answered by Mr. Edward Nunwick and a York visitor named Barker, who joined hands, and after an exciting scene succeeded in rescuing him.

A lady visitor to Portlleven, near Helston, Cornwall, named Miss Reed, was drowned while bathing there yesterday.

A small boat containing three youths, named Ireland, Marysmith, and Owen, was upset in the floating dock at Bristol yesterday, and all three were precipitated into the water. Ireland was unable to swim, and, despite a plucky effort on the part of Marysmith to save him, the unfortunate lad was drowned. Owen and Marysmith managed to reach the shore greatly exhausted.

## COMEDY OF A MOTOR-CAR.

Chain of Accidents That Led to a  
Poacher's Arrest.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.

At the Fête des Loges yesterday some strange complications arose out of a motor-car accident.

A small child had just been hurt by a large car, and when another car ran over an old man the crowd went mad with rage.

They pursued the car in cabs, on cycles, and on foot. Turning a corner the car ran into two others, but got clear away, and went faster than ever.

The yelling crowd took the damaged car for the delinquent. They stoned it, and attacked the driver with umbrellas.

When the police arrived they found the car filled with pheasants and snared rabbits, and discovered that the driver was a prominent member of a well-known band of poachers.

## SERIOUS RAILWAY SMASH.

Four Killed and Nearly Forty Injured  
in Switzerland.

A serious collision took place yesterday at Erembieres Junction, near Chamounix.

A train from Chamounix dashed into another from Bellegarde. A driver and stoker and two other employees were killed, and six others injured.

Ten passengers were seriously, and twenty-three slightly, injured. There were English and American tourists on the train, but none were hurt.

The collision (says Reuter) took place on a bridge spanning a river, curves on which make it difficult for drivers to see approaching trains. Both engines were wrecked.

## LONDON ALPINE VICTIM.

Mr. Walter Gorst Clay, who was killed in the recent Alpine disaster, was a nephew of Sir John Gorst, and a member of the Eighty Club.

As a Moderate candidate, he contested one of the divisions at the last L.C.C. election, and took a prominent part in public meetings to denounce the Education Act.

In their recent defeat the Uruguayan rebels lost 1,200 men, including upwards of 100 officers.

## SUNNY DAY PROMISED.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Westery to southerly breezes; fine and sunny during the day, becoming unsettled at night; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time 7.33 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate to smooth in the south and east; moderate to rather rough in the west.

## GREAT CHANNEL SWIM

French Champion Covers  
Twenty-Two Miles.

## BEATEN AT LAST.

Magnificent Effort Fails Six Miles  
Off France.

Burgess, the French champion, made a magnificent attempt to swim the Channel from England to France yesterday.

He was within six miles of Cape Grisnez when he was compelled to give up owing to the extreme roughness of the sea. In spite of failure, his attempt stands out far in advance of all recent performances.

During the eight and a quarter hours he was in the water he had made fifteen miles of his direct course, and had covered twenty-two miles by actual swimming.

Throughout the swim Burgess showed extraordinary speed. He had given evidence of this on the previous evening when he accompanied Weidman, who had to leave the water owing to cramp, after he had covered fifteen miles and had got eight miles across the Channel in little more than five hours. Burgess remained with Weidman for more than two hours, and then left the water solely from the fact that he was travelling so much faster than Weidman that he could not accommodate himself to his companion's slower pace.

Weidman himself is a comparatively fast swimmer, but Burgess, in order to keep within measurable distance, frequently swam round him.

## WONDERFUL SPEED.

Yesterday Burgess refused to listen to the advice of his friends, who argued that as he had been swimming the previous night and the prevalent conditions were far from favourable it was folly for him to make the attempt. At 9.27 a.m. he started from a point on the beach about half a mile west of Lydden Spout.

Mindful of the blunder made by Weidman, he at once raced for the point of vantage outside the South Sands Light, where he would get the benefit of the off-set current when the tide changed.

Using a powerful under-arm side stroke, he made about forty strokes to the minute, which he afterwards reduced to thirty-five. With wind and tide in his favour he made wonderful progress. In the first three hours he must have covered something like twelve miles, for when the tide changed soon after mid-day he was quite five miles on his way across Channel and had made seven miles eastward.

From this point onward the wind counteracted the tide, and the swimmer was able to make almost a direct course to France. He continued to swim very strongly across the current, making about two miles headway each hour. At this stage his rate of striking was twenty-eight to the minute, and this he maintained with machine-like regularity hour after hour, using only the side stroke. The temperature of the water was 59 deg.

When the swimmer had been in the water seven hours he was thirteen miles on his course, and looked like reaching France within twelve hours, but the boatmen, noting the freshening breeze, shook their heads ominously.

During the next hour the water became much rougher, and the second change of tide saw a very heavy sea running. But Burgess was still swimming strongly, and declared that he felt warm and well.

## GIVES UP WITH RELUCTANCE.

The captain of the tug, as well as McKen, the boatman engaged by Burgess, pressed him to leave the water, as he had by that time begun to drift eastward. Very reluctantly, at 5.45 p.m., he consented, but was able to climb into the boat with but little assistance. His temperature was quite normal.

During the swim he took food at frequent intervals, principally Bovril and Bovril chocolate.

Burgess intends to try next year, and everyone who saw his swim of yesterday is confident that he will succeed if he gets suitable weather.

It is interesting to compare the following details of Holbein's attempts with Burgess's performance:

August 24, 1901: Swam 26 miles in 12 hours 46 minutes, and got within five miles of Dover.

July 31, 1902: Covered 30 miles in 12 hours.

August 27, 1902: In the water 22½ hours, and got within one mile of Dover.

September 23, 1903: Taken out of the water 9 miles from the French coast. In the water 17½ hours.

August 21, 1904: Swam 20 miles, 11 miles towards France, in 10 hours.

Captain Webb took 21½ hours to get across the Channel.

Weidman, in an interview with our Dover correspondent yesterday, said he was bitterly disappointed at his ill-luck on Tuesday night. Next year he is determined to attempt the swim at an earlier date.

## THE KING'S HORSE WINS.

Form of Enthusiasm at the St. Leger.

## WONDERFUL PRETTY POLLY.

The King had a veritable triumph yesterday, when he went to see the St. Leger run. Thousands of people lined the gaily-decked tiers of Doncaster to welcome his Majesty. The air, cloudy and threatening, grew brighter in the afternoon advanced, and there was sunshine on his Majesty arrived on the course before long commenced.

It would be impossible to compute the numbers which had assembled from all parts of the country to see the St. Leger.

The Epson Derby presents no such spectacle. A vast array of stands and enclosures were ranged, and on the free area of the Town Moor on both sides of the rails for more than a mile the vast masses of people.

Popular enthusiasm was aroused to an extraordinary pitch long before the St. Leger came on decision. There seemed to be a dramatic fit in a royal victory preceding the great race.

His Majesty's "Chatsworth."

The King's horse, Chatsworth, won the Brade Park Plate, and immediately there ensued a remarkable scene. The crowds, with heads undered, surged in front of the royal box and cheered with a heartiness and volume only known to the royal box.

His Majesty acknowledged the plaudits from the crowd, and seemed mightily pleased. The owner St. Amant was unable to be present, but Lord Tschudi was there, and somebody remarked that he would not now trust to the fortunes of St. Amant, since neither the owner nor the mascot which won the colt the Derby was there to see success.

The paddock was packed with people anxious to see Pretty Polly. That beautiful creature, attended by her pony companion, was as docile as usual, though mobbed. She was saddled by Mr. Gilpin, I seemed to appreciate very much the attention a lady who patted her neck. Lord Harewood himself saw himself through the preliminaries. One of the Yorkshire critics preferred St. Denis—magnificent bay colt—to any of the competitors. The friskiest of the lot was St. Amant. He frequently lashed out, and an attendant followed with a few paces warning all not to get too near.

Pretty Polly's Triumph.

There was a magnificent scene as the rivals were marshalled at the starting gate. The King, attired in Ascot style, watched the race from the balcony, while Savile sitting immediately behind his Majesty. A tremendous shout hailed the start. Then there was breathless silence, and the partisans of St. Amant saw with delight how he shot to the front and led the field at a terrific pace.

Their exultation was brief. He collapsed after running a mile, and that marvellous filly, Pretty Polly, came on to win in a canter amid an indescribable outburst of popular applause.

Pretty Polly only appeared to be cantering. Yet the race was run in the record time of 3min. 15.5sec.

## QUEEN PREPARES FOR YULE.

Her Majesty Has Thirty Pictures Taken for Christmas Presents.

Though it is yet a far cry to Christmas, Queen Alexandra must needs betimes give thought to the customs of Yule.

Her Majesty has already begun to think of her Christmas presents.

These are so numerous, running often into thousands, that they have to be arranged far in advance.

When the Queen came to town the other day, en route for Denmark, she had no fewer than thirty photographs taken, and the sitting occupied over three hours.

The Queen is most patient sitter, but is always very anxious to have proofs of her photographs.

These new pictures are destined, in most cases, for Christmas presents.

An autographed photo of herself in a dainty gown is one of the Queen's favourite gifts to her friends.

## MORE ELBOW-ROOM IN TRAINS.

The discomforts arising from overcrowding in railway trains between the City and the suburbs are well-known to all.

The newly-formed "Travellers' Association" proposes to deal with the problem in the hope of obtaining for the public more elbow-room.

Mr. E. W. J. Peterson, hon. sec., states that the Board of Trade confess their inability to see a way out of the difficulty, as the railway companies have no suggestions to offer.

The association has thus got its work cut out.

The death is announced of Staff-Colonel Corbin, formerly French military attaché in London.

## CHEERY "GENERAL."

Rejoices at the Popularity of the "Army."

General Booth has now reached "Aberdeen Awa"—the destination of his motor pilgrimage.

Interviewed last evening by a *Mirror* representative, he said there had been only two spills, but no one was hurt.

During the twenty-nine days of the campaign the General has travelled 1,224 miles by motor-car and held seventy-five indoor meetings, with congregations totalling 82,000.

The General's speeches averaged an hour and a quarter each. He had held thirty-six open-air meetings, and there had been forty-six civic receptions.

Altogether two and a half million people had in one way or another expressed their sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army.

He attributed the great success of the tour largely to the kindly interest manifested by the King and Queen in the army.

## PHIL MAY'S WIDOW WEDS.

Early Morning Marriage and No Honeymoon.

Mrs. Phil May, the prepossessing widow of the late inimitable pen-and-ink caricaturist, is now Mrs. John W. Ross.

The lamented "Phil" was a man of Bohemian tastes and temperament. His successor to the hand of Mrs. May is a gentleman of solid business capabilities.

Mr. John W. Ross, of 56, Pall Mall, S.W., is a member of the firm of Messrs. C. Ross and Sons, ballast merchants, of Poplar, and a handsome man of forty.

Very quiet and unostentatious was the marriage ceremony.

The contracting parties met at the chancel steps of St. Marylebone Parish Church at nine o'clock on the first morning of the month, and were united in the bonds of matrimony by the Rev. A. E. How, the curate.

The only witnesses of the ceremony were the vergers and the vestrywoman, who signed the register.

There was no honeymoon.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Ross's possessions at his bachelor quarters in Pall Mall were quietly removed to Bickenhall-mansions, Gloucester-place, where Mr. and Mrs. Ross will make their home.

## FATAL GUNBOAT EXPLOSION.

Three Lives Lost in an Accident on the Comet.

A disastrous gun explosion occurred yesterday on board H.M. gunboat Comet at Spithead, resulting in the deaths of three men and injury to several others.

The gun was being fired when the accident took place. The breach-block was blown out, and such was the force of the explosion that the iron canopy over the deck was torn from its place.

Leopold Osborne and Frederick Charles Norman, able seamen, were killed instantly. Walter Richmond Read, able seaman, was so seriously injured that he died soon after the accident.

George Thomas Hackland, first-class petty officer, and Tom Askew, able seaman, were severely injured, the latter being badly wounded in the right thigh and having his left arm broken.

Another able seaman named Devonshire was slightly wounded.

## IRISH MOTOR RACES.

Purtmarnock motor races were concluded yesterday.

The club's 200-guinea challenge cup was won easily by Mr. Arthur McDonald on his 100-h.p. 6-cylinder Napier; the Hon. Charles Rolls, 100-h.p. Mors, second; Mr. Lee Guinness, 80-h.p. Daimler, third. The winner's time for the standard mile was 56sec.

In the race for light racing cars Mr. Arthur Rawlinson, holder of the 100-guinea cup, defeated Mr. George Wilton.

## WEDDING RING OR DEATH.

The shooting of the well-known author, Gustave Esmann, was prompted by revenge (writes our Copenhagen correspondent).

Miss Hammerich, who committed the murder, was studying medicine at Copenhagen University, and had long thought that Esmann would marry her when he had obtained a divorce from his wife. When, however, she found he had no intention of doing so, she shot Esmann and then herself.

Replying to a correspondent, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, says he "would certainly not advise anyone to go out to South Africa without a definite prospect of employment."

## "OUR ONLY STATESMAN."

Trade Unionists' Handsome Tribute to the King.

The popularity of King Edward with his subjects was remarkably evinced yesterday during a discussion at the Trades Union Congress at Leeds.

Mr. John Ward, the representative of the London Navvies, in seconding a resolution against conscription, strongly refuted the doctrine that war was good for trade.

The King, he said, appeared to be the only statesman in England.

While his Ministers were dabbling with conscription his Majesty was doing noble work in furthering the principles of peace.

Remarkable progress, he added, had been made in the principles of arbitration since King Edward came to the throne.

The congress cheered these sentiments in the heartiest manner, and several delegates called out "Long live the King."

## LAW OF HOLIDAYS.

Line of Demarcation Between "Officials" and "Labourers."

Stroud Urban Council discussed an ancient problem yesterday at the instance of Mr. Gardiner, who wished to know if the labourers in the employment of the council were allowed holidays and pay.

"I notice," he said, "that officials get several weeks off, and I think that men who use the pick and shovel might like two or three days."

"The labourers," said Mr. Milnes, the surveyor, "are paid overtime, but the officials are not. The council have no legal power to pay labourers to take holidays."

Mr. Gardiner: Doesn't the same law apply to officials?

Mr. Milnes: Evidently not.

Mr. Mitchell, the clerk, a finely-built, ruddy-faced man, told the council that he was obliged to take a short holiday, as his doctor said he needed a change.

"You look like it," said Mr. Lambert, vice-chairman, while the council rippled with laughter.

Mr. Gardiner: Is it legal?

The Chairman: Certainly.

Mr. Gardiner: It seems strange that what is legal for officials is illegal for labourers.

"It's as old as the hills," murmured a councillor, and the matter dropped.

## ARTILLERY BISLEY.

Shoeburyness Competitions Revived After Five Years' Interval.

Glorious weather greeted the Artillery Volunteers who, for the first time for five years, came to Shoeburyness yesterday afternoon to take part in the annual competitions of the National Artillery Association at the estuary of the Thames.

The fact that the ranges of the School of Gunnery were wanted by the War Office for experimental purposes with new weapons when the South African war broke out put a temporary stop to the important annual gathering, but it is now resuscitated under the happiest auspices.

There are two King's prizes to be competed for by the position and garrison Volunteer artillery detachments, as well as a valuable list of money prizes, including contributions from the Secretary of State for War, the Duke of Westminster, and the City Companies, etc.

Yesterday the chief event was the arrival of the competing detachments.

## COILS OF WIRE ON THE RAILS.

A terrible catastrophe was narrowly averted on the L. and N.W. rails near Pinner station.

Just in time the discovery was made that coils of wire, each about seventy yards long, had been placed on the metals.

George Edwin Reid, a twenty-two-year-old accountant's clerk, who will be tried for the act at the Old Bailey next Tuesday, is said to have alleged when arrested:—

"It was done in a moment of thoughtlessness. Cannot it be hushed up?"

## DRESSMAKER'S LEAP TO DEATH.

Twice a West End dressmaker named Louise Alice March, thirty-two, living in Warwick-square, Piccadilly, threw herself from a balustrade on the third floor landing in attempting to commit suicide.

The second time she was shockingly injured, breaking nearly every bone in her body, and she died in the hospital.

Business worries had turned the woman's head it was stated at the inquest yesterday, when the usual verdict was returned.

The Admiralty confirms the report that the Russian cipher message has been delivered to the "pirate" cruisers Smolensk and Petersburg.

## EVE OF BATTLE.

"Blue" Army in Touch with the "Red."

## FRENCH'S FLIGHT.

Real fighting in make-believe earnest is expected to-day between the "Red" and "Blue" armies on the peaceful Essex coast. Among the country people the excitement is making sleep a very secondary consideration while the game of war is being played in their midst.

Some shots were exchanged yesterday afternoon, and the "Red" forces captured six mounted scouts of the enemy.

The invading army, the "Blues," under command of General Sir John French, arrived off Clacton at daylight yesterday morning and succeeded in safely landing with horses, guns, ambulance, and transport wagons upon the Essex shore.

The landing was carried out without any accident, beyond the falling overboard of a horse, which was promptly rescued.

The outposts of the "Blue" and "Red" armies came into contact with each other at 12.55 p.m., a few miles out on the Colchester road, and shots were exchanged.

The Duke of Connaught was the first soldier to land. He came from the flagship of Admiral Fawkes, the Good Hope, in the Napier Minor motor-boat.

Lord Methuen, in a motor-car, and Sir Evelyn Wood, upon his grey charger, were also early upon the scene with the foreign attachés to watch operations.

French's Flight in a Motor.

General French landed beside the pier at 8.45, and drove in his motor-car to the Grand Hotel, where he partook of a light breakfast.

Afterwards the general went in his car alone with the motor volunteer officer, who was driving, to reconnoitre the enemy.

When the car was about six miles outside Clacton upon the Colchester road, General French said to the officer, "Can you reverse, sir?"

The reply was in the affirmative. "Well, reverse as hard as you can when I give the order," reversed the general.

He did not wish to commence the manoeuvres by being captured.

Nine miles out, near Little Bentley, General French sighted the cavalry patrol of the "Reds" through his field-glasses, and ordered the motor officer to reverse and go full speed to Clacton.

When the boats were within a few feet of the landing, the bluejackets, led by their officers, rushed into the water, seized the ropes, and hauled them in. In a moment planks were run up to the square bows of the boats and the horses walked quickly ashore.

Quick Work.

Five boats, with fifty horses, men, and stores, were landed within thirty minutes from the time they left the transports.

The battery of Royal Horse Artillery landed their six quick-firing 12-pounder guns upon the carriages, and the Field Artillery landed their Maxims in the same manner. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Royal Scots landed with the guards at Little Holland.

The Scots had their pipers and band, but did not play as they marched to camp.

All the soldiers were clad in khaki except the Highlanders, who wore their tartan kilts, and the Marines, with red tunics.

The Duchess, with Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught, visited the various landing-places in a covered touring car. Prince Arthur escorted them on another motor.

Naval Officers Waded to Their Waists.

The visitors appeared much impressed with the work going on, especially the naval officers, who waded into the sea up to their waists with total disregard to their gold-laced uniforms.

From Southampton the voyage of the transports was without incident of note, except the miraculous escape of Private Hamplin, of the East Surrey Regiment, who fell last night 40ft. into the hold of the Manitou without injuring himself. He fell between a Maxim gun and an ambulance wagon to the bottom of the ship.

General French visited his camps and outposts during the afternoon, and made his headquarters for the night at the Grand Hotel, Clacton.

SENTENCED TO NINETY-SIX YEARS.

By the death in gaol, in Australia, of Frederick Clarke, the last link with the old convict days is broken.

Clarke, otherwise known as the "Last of the Lags," was the sole survivor of the convicts transported from the Mother country.

He was a Yorkshireman, and had reached the age of seventy-five years.

His name was celebrated in Australian criminal annals, and struck terror into the hearts of the lonely dwellers in the "bush."

Altogether he received sentences amounting to ninety-six years, of more than two-thirds of which his death has robbed the law.

## WIZARD'S TRANCE.

Hypnotic Revelations in  
Regent-street.

### THE MEANING OF "YOGA."

Mr. Plowden announced at Marlborough-street yesterday that he would give his decision to-day in the cases under the Witchcraft Act against "Yoga," "Keiro," and the latter's wife.

The case for the prosecution against "Keiro" and his wife had concluded at the last hearing, and yesterday Mr. Muir proceeded with that against "Yoga," otherwise Charles Fricker, a "character reader," of Regent-street.

Two lady detectives, who had at a previous hearing described their visits to "Keiro," yesterday gave accounts of their experiences with "Yoga." The chief difference in his "method," as compared with that of "Keiro," was said to be that he put himself into a hypnotic condition in order that he might tell his clients something that he saw.

#### "Yoga" Goes to Sleep.

Mrs. Betts, one of the lady detectives, in telling the magistrate how "Yoga" hypnotised himself, stated that he first told her to wake him in fifteen minutes. He then "went to sleep" in a chair, and said, "I see a man on horseback bending down talking to a lady, who is very handsome and dark. They are saying good-bye."

He described the gentleman to her as her husband, who has, she stated, given up riding. She asked, "Where is my husband now?" and "Yoga" replied, "Sitting down, thinking." He added that her husband was paring his nails while thinking, which was, Mrs. Betts admitted, a habit of his.

"Yoga" attempted to tell her who gave her a brush, and described the person's initials as "W. H." The real initials were "J. P." "Yoga" said that he saw "W. H." sitting down smoking a cigarette somewhere abroad, which was very hot. After saying "Yoga" his fee, Mrs. Betts left.

Mr. Plowden: What is the meaning of the word "Yoga"?

The Defendant (rising from his seat in the dock): It is from the Sanscrit, and means union, as I have studied the various branches of occultism.

#### Did Not Have To Tickle Him.

Mrs. Betts, in reply to the magistrate, said that "Yoga" took five minutes to "go off" when putting himself into a hypnotic condition. He got into that condition by moving his shoulders about and taking long deep breaths. His voice then became very weak and low, almost a whisper.

Mr. Plowden: How did you wake him?—I said "Wake up."

You did not have to tickle him with a straw?—No. The case for the prosecution concluded with the evidence of Inspector Drew, who found a number of Press notices and advertisements in "Yoga's" rooms.

### "JOLLY JUMBO'S" FETE.

Heaviest Man Sends His Photo to the  
"Mirror."

"Jolly Jumbo," heaviest man in England, whose photograph appears on our front page, gives his annual charity festival for cabmen and "busmen" at Wembley Park on Monday, in aid of the Willesden Cottage Hospital.

There will be foot racing, whippet racing, rabbit coursing, cycling, walking, boxing, and wrestling. "Jolly Jumbo" is Mr. W. T. Ecclestone, of The Chequers, Alperton, near Wembley.

He writes to the *Mirror*:—  
"I enclose a photograph of myself, which I know will suit your wonderful little paper. I am now recognised as the heaviest man in the world since Longley, of Dover, died, although I wish I was only half as heavy as I am. I have got it, and have to put up with it."

"My weight is going on for 40st., and, thank God, I am able to walk about, and what with my little trap I can get about pretty fairly."

### DEATH FROM "VAGABONDISM."

In Stepler Coroner's Court yesterday Dr. Brooks, medical superintendent of Mile End Infirmary, stated that Joanna Dunn, who died in that institution, had been suffering from "vagabondism."

A Juror: Is that a new disease?  
The Doctor: Not to infirmity doctors.  
The woman, who had been found lying on the pavement in Mile End-road, was described as of "unknown quality and occupation, uncertain age, and no fixed abode."

Yesterday, at Netley, was washed ashore the body of a Southampton clerk named William Godber, who was to have been married this week.

In connection with the riot at the village of North Tidworth, Arthur Thomas, manager of the Ram Hotel, and Walter Jukes, barman, were committed for trial yesterday on a charge of manslaughter.

## ARSENIC MYSTERY.

Analyst's Examination of an  
Exhumed Body.

Following the exhumation at St. Helens on Tuesday of the body of Joseph Burdred, aged three months, an inquest was opened yesterday. The child's parents, Joseph and Ellen Burdred, were arrested recently on the charge of murdering Sarah Ann Jones, aged thirteen, who had been boarded out with them.

The coroner stated that in the case of the child Jones the analyst had found considerable quantities of arsenic, sufficient to cause death. On that information, and on certain other information in the possession of the police in respect of the conduct of the Burdreds towards the child Joseph, he had ordered the exhumation of the body of the child, who died on September 7, 1900.

After an examination of the body it was decided that, in order to get the best practical result, it would be better for the coffin containing the remains of the body to be sent to an analyst's laboratory, so that a complete analysis might be made. Whether the jury would be troubled with any further inquiry into the deaths of children of the Burdreds would depend upon the result of this analysis.

The inquiry was then adjourned until Tuesday next. It is understood that in the event of the analyst being unable to make a satisfactory examination of the child's remains the wood of the coffin will be submitted to tests.

The analyst, Mr. Herbert Davies, of Liverpool, is a son of Mr. Edward Davies, who was the analytical chemist engaged in the Maybrick case, and who was assisted in those investigations by his son.

### TOO LATE?

Missing Antwerp Merchant's Strange  
Message to His Friends.

Among the applicants at Bow-street yesterday was a foreign gentleman, who sought the assistance of the magistrate to enable him to trace the whereabouts of Mr. Carl Rumpf, a wealthy Antwerp merchant.

On Wednesday last Mr. Rumpf came over to London to see a friend, intending to return the same evening. However, on the following day his friends in Antwerp received a letter saying that he was unwell, and that he would remain in London a few days.

He stayed at the Charing Cross Hotel until Friday last, and then went away leaving his luggage behind. Nothing more was heard of him until Monday, when he wrote over to Antwerp saying that by the time the letter was delivered he would be dead.

Mr. Rumpf is a well-made man, thirty-five years of age. He has a glass eye on the right side and wears smoked pince-nez. He was wearing a dark jacket suit and bowler hat. When he left Antwerp he had £25 in his possession.

#### Another Missing Man.

Since John Huggins, of 15, Kingswood-road, Fulham, finished a contract for his firm at Barton-on-Sea, Hants, all trace of him has been lost.

The missing man was employed as foreman-packer by Messrs. J. J. Allen, Ltd., furniture removers, of Wyfold-road, S.W. On August 30 he was sent with a van to Barton-on-Sea. He finished his business there, sent the van back to Fulham, and disappeared.

Huggins, who is thirty-eight years of age, and has a fair moustache, was dressed, when last seen, in check coat and waistcoat, and dark tweed trousers.

### RUN OVER DURING A QUARREL.

A widow who had both her legs cut off in a level-crossing accident one midnight nearly five months ago was carried into the Coroner's Court at Southend-on-Sea yesterday in an armchair to give evidence at the inquiry into the death of her companion, James Wilmore, a navvy.

On the night of April 24, she said, she quarrelled at the crossing with Wilmore, who struck her just as an express was approaching, and she fell on the line. Wilmore was killed.

A verdict of Found Dead was returned.

### CLERGYMAN DRIVES TOO FAST.

The Rev. William Henry Bonsey was fined £1 and costs at Thurston Police Court yesterday for driving a motor-car furiously through the streets when they were exceptionally crowded. He pleaded that he was only travelling five or six miles an hour, but the magistrates said they thought that was too fast under the circumstances.

### WOMEN DUST SORTERS.

An outcry is being raised in Lambeth against the continued employment of women by the borough council as dust sorters.

The women, in sorting out old iron, rags, etc., from the dustheaps have often to stand up to their waists in the refuse

## RECORD IN "NOES."

Judge Pronounces the Fatal Word  
233 Times.

Mr. Justice Bigham is an ideal vacation Judge. No Judge on the Bench can say "No" quite so sharply, quickly, and resolutely.

It is the function and raison d'être of a vacation Judge to sit once a week and say "No" as many times as he can in the course of a morning, with just an occasional "Yes" artfully thrown in here and there in the interests of equity. The chief duty of the Judge is to make counsel understand that the matters they consider so pressing can really wait until the Courts are in full swing again. This is effected by continually saying "No."

Yesterday, before a court packed with the flower of counsel left in town, Mr. Justice Bigham said "No" about two hundred and thirty-three times, and said "Yes" on less than six occasions.

#### "No" to a Lady.

Among those to whom he said "No" yesterday—out of gallantry he omitted the ornamentally-decided addition, "I won't"—was a couple of lady litigants. They wore gowns, of course, but no wigs—equally "of course"—and addressed his lordship timidly from the edge of the associates' table. One of them was embarrassed by "orders of court," which she could not understand, and wished the Judge to say that the said orders were all nonsense. His lordship tempered the inevitable "No" with "permission to serve a notice."

The other lady had her husband beside her to support her. "Oh, you are the lady whose daughter is shut up somewhere," remarked the Judge. The applicant admitted this was the case, and added that the somewhere in question was "the asylum where the woman was poisoned by a sleeping draught."

The husband, in a deep bass voice, made some remarks in support of his wife, and then Mr. Justice Bigham said "No" to their request that the dangerous young lady should "come out."

## ERRAND OF MYSTERY.

Girl's Journey with a Strange  
Bundle.

There was a wild scene in Harrington when two constables arrested Harry Burt, Stanley Farrell, and another man on suspicion of having burgled a house and stolen £45 worth of plate.

The men fought desperately for their freedom. A number of passers by went to the assistance of the police, but the third man escaped.

One of the men bit an officer, and would not relax his grip until he had received a crashing blow on the head.

A young girl, assistant to a furniture dealer named Watkins, who was charged with the other men at Highgate yesterday with having received the property, described how the property was brought to the shop.

A man stealthily crept into the place and deposited the bundle in the scullery.

She told her master that she believed the bundle contained stolen goods. The next day she went with Watkins and a customer (unknown), and carried a bag (contents unknown) to the shop of Watkins's brother (address unknown).

The three men were committed for trial.

## ADVENTURE IN WINDSOR PARK.

While driving home through Windsor Great Park to Englefield Green late at night, Mrs. Rix, wife of Baron Schroder's coachman, found that her husband, who had been following on a bicycle, had vanished. After a search he was found lying by the roadside bleeding from severe injuries to his head.

It was stated at Egham Police Court yesterday that Rix had stopped to reproach some men for using obscene language as his wife passed, and that one of them, Albert Rowe, who is employed at the Prince of Wales's stables, Cumberland Lodge, savagely attacked him. Rowe was charged with the assault and remanded.

## SUICIDE TO ESCAPE JEERS.

Because his workmates stole his food and made a laughing-stock of him Leader H. Ehlers, employed at the Beekton gasworks, banged himself. He had also complained that he had been put upon a hard job, which he thought he could not continue.

At the inquest at North Woolwich yesterday a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

## PLUNDERED IN DAYLIGHT.

It is now known that the great robbery of tin ingots from a barge at Wapping was effected in the daytime during the temporary absence of the lighterman. That the robbery occurred during the hours of daylight only adds to the mystery.

The police are for the moment baffled, but careful inquiries are being made into a number of other, though smaller, robberies of tin, spelter, and other metals of the last few weeks.

## HOUSETOP HUNT.

Thrilling Chase After Three  
Burglars.

### RECKLESS AGILITY.

A thrilling burglar hunt across housetops in Bishops-road and Porchester-road was witnessed by early morning risers in Paddington yesterday.

Between five and six o'clock the noise of a skylight being broken in the premises occupied by Messrs. Piper, florists, of Bishops-road, awakened a young man sleeping in a room on the top floor of the adjoining house. Suspecting burglars, he slipped down to the street, and told a milk-boy, who ran for a policeman.

When, a few minutes later, the policeman arrived he saw three men moving about on the roof evidently trying to conceal themselves. Without raising any unnecessary alarm, he sent off messengers for more constables, and in a few minutes more than seventy men had surrounded the building. Eight constables, in charge of a sergeant, made their way quietly through a coffee-shop two doors away, and so gained the roof.

#### The Courage of Desperation.

Hearing the approach of the police, the burglars made off along the roofs of the houses in Porchester-road towards Royal Oak Station. The houses are of different heights, and the policemen thought it would be impossible for the men to get away, but fear of capture made the burglars desperate, and, availing themselves of waterspouts, they climbed nimbly from one roof to another.

Not to be outdone, the policemen followed close on the heels of the fugitives. They climbed cat-like up the slender iron spouts and dodged round chimney-stacks with amazing agility.

The spectators in the street below watched the race with breathless interest. At last a police-sergeant, even more nimble of foot than the young men he was chasing, got close up to the last of the three, who had begun to show signs of exhaustion.

The burglar ran along a wall, with the sergeant in hot pursuit, but just as he was about to collar the man the sergeant slipped and fell on to a roof, breaking his wrist.

#### Captured!

There were other constables close behind, but the burglar, with an almost superhuman effort, swung himself clear of the wall, and scrambling up a waterspout, got on to an adjacent roof. Unfortunately a constable followed, and secured him just as he was endeavouring to hide himself behind an old-fashioned chimney-stack. He surrendered without a struggle, and was taken to the police station, where he gave his name as Arthur Reeves.

Several policemen continued the chase after the other men, who succeeded, however, in outdistancing their pursuers, and they were lost sight of near the Royal Oak Station.

Later in the day Reeves was committed for trial by the Marylebone magistrate, who was informed that the prisoner was a convict out on licence.

## BUTTONS OF BEAUTY.

West End Ladies Copy the Fashion  
of the Coster Girls.

The new fashion this season in ladies' garb is buttons. Skirts are plentifully besprinkled, blouses and bodices are a mass of buttons of every shape, size, and kind.

Hats even are trimmed with buttons. In some cases a couple of gigantic buttons serve as trimming.

"Wherever a button can be put this autumn," said the manager of a big millinery establishment, "there it is to be found."

For the present the favourite buttons are the small ones, made either of gilt or gun-metal, but on the more expensive gowns real metal is being used.

Solid silver and gold buttons or aluminium in various sizes, and weighing in some cases a couple of ounces, are being jewelled for evening wear; and buttons of real pearls, costing anything up to a thousand pounds for a set of six, are also worn.

## NOT AFRAID OF THE WORST.

In spite of repeated warnings, the man Archibald Turner, who is in custody charged with strangling his wife at Grimsby, persisted in making a statement at the inquest last night.

He said he did it for his own satisfaction, even if he had to suffer for it afterwards. Turning to the reporters, he added: "I have had this trouble on my head for three years, and can manage the rest."

## "KUROKI" VILLA.

Two residents of Shanklin, Isle of Wight, have forsaken the usual style of villa nomenclature for names of a more warlike character.

The houses, which are situated in Wilson-street, are now labelled after the Japanese commanders, "Kuroki" and "Togo."

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## Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904.

## CRIMES OF PASSION.

Too many times of late it has been the unhappy duty of the daily Press to record cases of exceptionally abhorrent crimes of passion. Not only in London—which, on account of its cosmopolitan population, is not a satisfactory exemplar—but in the provinces this class of crime has become abominably prevalent.

In France it has been a custom of the criminal courts to regard these murders, attempted murders, and suicides with a lenient eye. Extenuating circumstances are urged successfully by defending counsel, where from our point of view nothing can be discerned save savagery.

The circumstances preceding these tragedies are painfully similar. A man is deceived, or thinks himself deceived, by a woman—wife or sweetheart. He loses control over himself, the inner savage breaks through the thin veneer of civilisation, and he takes his revenge in a fit of jealous fury.

To what are we tending? Where are the boasted results of our expensive system of Board school education?

It is easy to say that we have merely educated the lower class of human animal and made him more dangerous. It is equally easy to assert that we are in the necessary transition stage, being as yet but a half educated people, whom one more generation will make fully equipped with the resources of civilisation.

The truth is that we are hysterical, we are "buzzed" by the pace at which we are forced to learn and work.

Furious competition exacts its toll. It creates a general atmosphere of unrest and disorder. It keeps even those who are not directly concerned constantly walking on the narrow ledge between sanity and insanity. It endeavours to thrust nature aside in favour of progress. It takes no count of the fact that men are made in myriad moulds. The first evidences of abnormal genius are as terrifying to society as the outbursts of abnormal crime. The normal man no longer exists, even in the suburbs.

We are suffering as a nation from overwork, and unless we devise a means of rest we must expect these outbursts of revolting hysteria to increase and multiply into even worse manifestations.

## "ADVANCING" NORTH.

Kuropatkin is emulating Kuroki. Reticence is sister to Silence.

After a week of fearful fighting and loss of life, when the downfall of the Russian arms was threatened repeatedly, when the eye of the world was turned upon Liao-yang in anticipation of the cruel climax, the Russian general telegraphs to the Tsar with Spartan brevity.

He refers to past dangers slightly. He announces that his exultant army is "advancing" north.

The telegram is the perfection of reserve. The naive touch which in a phrase turns the retreat into an advance is worthy of a place in the best records of telegraphic literature.

Yet honour is due to Kuropatkin. He has won through. He has outmanoeuvred Kuroki.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Every day is a little life: and our whole is but a day repeated. Those therefore that do lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare mispend it, desperate. —*Joseph Hall.*

## RUSSIA'S CARTOONS OF ENGLAND AND JAPAN.



John Bull, covered with blood from his expedition to Tibet, is made to declare that he will wash it off all right.



How Russia keeps up her oft-repeated declaration that her Japanese foes are Rats, Monkeys, and Vermin.—From the "Strekoza," St. Petersburg.



The drunken English war correspondent sees a sail in sight, so he promptly cables an account of a Japanese victory to his newspaper.—From the "Budnik," St. Petersburg.

## READERS' LETTER-BOX.

## THE USES OF THE MOTOR-CAR.

Perhaps the motor-car will bring into existence some special breathing apparatus which will enable us to exist in spite of the dust it raises.  
A nose something like the trunk of an elephant might perhaps do.  
Brighton. EVOLUTIONIST.

## TO MAKE A POLICEMAN'S HOLIDAY?

The enterprising burglar is having his busy season. Every paper one opens contains an account of some new burglary, but somehow one does not hear that there are any more burglars being captured by the police than at any other time.

Is the general public to infer that the police are taking a summer holiday, and that the burglar season is consequent on their absence from duty? If that is so, surely the least Scotland Yard might have done would have been to warn us of the fact, so that we might have made preparations to guard our own property.

Holland Park, W.

FRANK STOCKLEY.

## NEWS AT LAST.

Inspired by the statement in the *Daily Mirror* that Brussels sprouts were already on sale, the Evening News "yesterday published the following clever poem:—

Ah, tell me not of war's alarms,  
Nor how the battle pends;  
For blundered now has lost its charms  
My interest in it ends.  
Though cannon loudly roar, I hear  
One voice amid the din,  
Informing me in accents clear  
That "brussels sprouts are in!"

Of public weal I little reck,  
Though bobbies may have lied;  
I know not if to Adolf Beck  
The "H.O." has replied.  
Though Lama's ways are doubtless slow,  
I do not care a pin.  
What does it matter now I know  
That "Brussels sprouts are in!"  
Financiers may be looking glum,  
I mind them not a jot;  
The Channel may be still unswum,  
Or haply it may not.  
For, lo! the sauceman on the fire,  
I'm waiting to begin;  
I soon shall have my heart's desire  
Now "Brussels sprouts are in!"

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

## GENERAL A. S. WYNNE, C.B.

THE fates have been kind to General Wynne, for they presented him with the name of such excellent omen that the War Office has taken the hint. As it was decided by the powers that be that the terrific sham attack upon the Essex coast should be repulsed, what was more natural than that General Wynne should be selected to lead the victorious army of defence.

Still, he has done very well in his profession. Army signalling seems to be his greatest accomplishment. He superintended the Army signalling in the Jowaki Campaign in 1877. He had charge of the field telegraphs in the Afghan war. Then he went to South Africa on this same work of signalling, and three years later he was on the lines of communication of the advance up the Nile. The South African war, Malta, the Horse Guards, and Aldershot have filled up his time since then.

Now comes the crowning point of his career. He is to repulse an alien foe, commanded by a general of repute, and drive them back to their transports. While they retire—in perfect order, of course—the troops under his command are to pour a deadly fire of blank ammunition into the routed enemy, and so land a touch of reality to the scene.

Perhaps some one will organise a triumphal entry into London for the gallant defenders, who, with the assistance of the Essex police, have protected our shores.

## THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

## Sunset in a Surrey Garden.

Slowly the sun drops downward like a ball of crimson fire through a grey and thunderous sky, seemingly without strength to fling broadcast its usual flood of "Good-night" glories.

Over the common sweeps a quick, vigorous breeze, setting the poplars and chestnuts in motion, bending and swaying even the neatly-trimmed, stolid spruces, inciting the aloe and the tobacco-plant into fragrance, and scattering a thousand juicy mulberries on the ground beneath. At the same time, too, a wind of higher altitude sweeps the upper regions, driving the heavily-charged thunder clouds before it.

The crimson ball drops out of sight, but, grateful for the cleared atmosphere, sends in parting a flood of gilded crimson to overspread the sky, to sweep across the lawns, and to gleam warm and glow into the silveriness of the upturned leaves of the poplars.

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE "send-off" which has been given to Lord Ranfurly by the native population of New Zealand speaks volumes for his popularity; but the affection in which he is held by the men of his own colour is still greater. His wonderful tact has helped him greatly to this happy state of things. On the occasion of a dinner given to him by a number of old Colonials, he saw at once that it would be absurd for him to talk of Colonial progress to them. To their delight he chose to "talk horse," and like the sport-loving Irishman he is, talked well on the subject. "Eh, laad," said a brawny son of Yorkshire, "yon laad knows summat. If it worn't for his brogue aw'd ha' said he wor ae Yorkshire laad."

Lady Ranfurly, too, has distinguished herself, not only by her social accomplishments, but by a fire rescue. As she was walking through the grounds of Government House she saw smoke issuing from a dwelling-house, and at once ran to the rescue. She first carried a small baby to a place of safety, and then set to work to help to carry the furniture out of the house.

## LIKE TWINS.

Many happy returns-to-day to two future earls—Lord Herbert and Lord Ingestre. Lord Herbert, who to-day is twenty-four, is the future Earl of Pembroke. Lord Ingestre, who is two years younger, will one day be Earl of Shrewsbury. Both are lieutenants in the Horse Guards, and both were married within a few weeks to two sisters—Miss Beatrice and Miss Winifred Paget.

If a distinctive personal appearance be a blessing, then Mr. Israel Zangwill, whose play, "Merely Mary Ann," is to be produced to-night at the Duke of York's Theatre, is blessed indeed. No one who passes him fails to turn round for a second look at the tall, thin figure, the yellow hair, the mass of black hair, and the striking eyes of the gifted Jewish writer. But though his life has been spent in England, we were almost deprived of his clever writings owing to the anti-Semitic feeling of his nurse.

He was only a few weeks old at the time, and his mother left him in the charge of a young girl while she went to attend a festival of the Jewish Church. Mrs. Zangwill became nervous, however, and returned home to find the child almost at the last gasp, black in the face, and with its mouth full of blood. The girl had pricked the sign of the Cross on young Zangwill's tongue until it bled freely, and then covered its head with a pillow! And this only forty years ago.

## OBJECTS TO RACING.

One of the people who might be expected to be holding a large holding-party in connection with Mr. Charles Wilson, M.P., as a matter of fact, racing horse-parties are unknown at Warter Priory, his Yorkshire residence, for he is strongly opposed to racing and has many unpleasant things to say about a pastime which, he declares, runs away with hard-earned money. He certainly knows about the money, whatever his qualifications may be to speak about racing, for he is the head of the great Wilson line of steamers, which ply from Hull to every corner of the globe. Each vessel of the fleet bears a name ending in "o," and with their green hulls and red funnels are to be recognised everywhere. Perhaps, when he changes his mind and starts a race stable, he will keep the familiar green and red as his colours.

Few men have risen so quickly as General W. H. Manning, who has just received a K.C.M.G. for his services in Somaliland. He is now only just over forty, but his experience of fighting in tropical Africa must be almost unrivalled. He is a son of commanding appearance he makes a magnificent leader of native troops. He is a comparatively short man, spare of figure and carrying not an ounce of superfluous flesh, with a fair, reddish moustache and light grey eyes. His two most valuable assets for dealing with natives are his facility of acquiring dialects and languages, and his knack of impressing the native mind with an abiding sense of his personal power.

## A FINE LABOUR LEADER.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., who is having such a busy time with the Co-operative Congress, is one of the best types of labour representatives in Parliament. He is a man who as recently as 1891 was working as a railway guard, and who, though still a young man—for he is only just over forty—does not think that incessant strikes are the only solution of labour troubles. In his day as a railway servant he knew what it was to work hard for a small wage. Thirty-eight hours at a stretch is stiff work, especially when your wage is from 22s. to 25s. shillings a week.

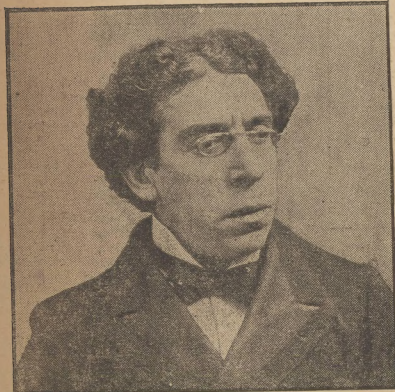
The experiences of a railway guard are more often serious than amusing, and Mr. Bell can tell plenty of the best types of the former and the latter. The dense fog which shrouded the whole of South Wales for a fortnight in 1891 is one of his most painful recollections. No signals could possibly be seen, and the trip from Swansea to Gloucester, about 100 miles, took a week. All shunting had to be signalled by shouting. Mr. Bell says that he finds Parliament interesting enough, but it lacks the excitement of charging snowdrifts on an engine.

Maria: What be the attractions at the opory house, this week, Joshua?

Joshua: Electric fans, Maria.—"Yonkers Statesman."

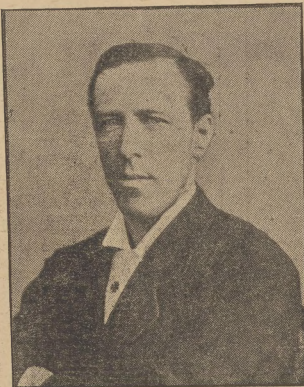
# SNAPSHOTS THAT TELL THE STORY OF THE DAYS NEWS

TO-NIGHT'S PLAY.



Mr. Israel Zangwill, whose play, "Merely Mary Ann," will be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre this evening.—(Russell and Sons.)

A DISTINGUISHED INVALID.



Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., who is now lying seriously ill at his residence, Wilton Castle, Redcar.—(Maul and Fox.)

A PARSON HOP-PICKER



Rev. Richard Wilson, vicar of St. Augustine's, Settlement, E., picking hops with some of his parishioners. Mr. Wilson can be recognised by his low-crowned hat.

MUDLARKING.



A group of little children mud-larking at the seaside.

MR. HENRY



Who will play La "Merely Mary Ann," at the Duke of York's Theatre (Lizzio Caswall S.)

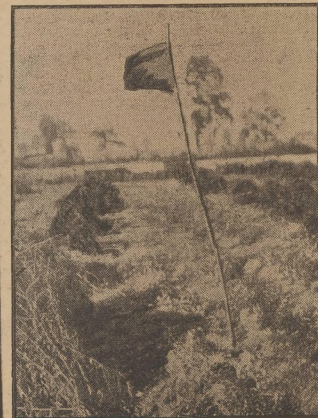


The little hoppers' hospital, in one of the Mid-Kent districts, which is conducted in connection with St. Augustine's Mission.

THE ARMY MANOEUVRES IN ESSEX.



A military motor drawing hay supplies for the horses taking part in the manoeuvres.



This red flag indicates grounds over which the troops must not pass.



Glancing through the window of a house at Dover some neighbours were horrified by the appearance of a soldier's body lying on the floor, with a bayonet sticking in the breast. The police arrived, and found a cleverly dressed dummy with a painted mask.

# NEWS OF THE DAY SEEN THROUGH THE CAMERA



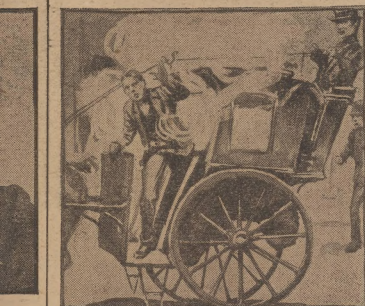
A KETTLE ON ICE.



o appears at the Palace Theatre next week,  
ience by boiling a kettle on a block of ice.

RY.

HANSOM CAB ABLAZE.



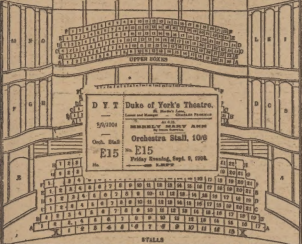
in  
Duke  
ht—

Through cigar ash dropping in the cel-  
luloid receptacle of a hansom cab at  
Paddington Station the cab caught fire.

NOVEL THEATRE TICKETS.

## DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

ST. MARTIN'S LANE, W.C. CHARLES FROMMELT,  
Lecturer and Manager



### SPECIAL NOTICE.

Important that Tickets should be examined before being taken from  
Office, as no mistake as to Date or otherwise can be afterwards rectified.

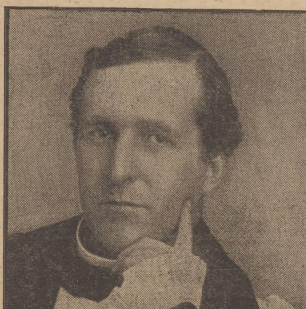
While of the new tickets at the Duke of York's  
which give the hour at which the performance  
and the side of the house—left or right—in which  
it will be found. The ticket envelope is also  
above, which bears a plan of the theatre.

RUSSIAN CONVOY IN FULL RETREAT.



The Russians are now in full retreat on Mukden, where General Kuropatkin has already arrived. Kuroki, with his army, is following up and harrying the retreating Russians. The latest dispatches from Mukden state that the baggage transports of the Russian army, followed by the artillery, are arriving there along the main roads from Yentai. The leading convoy has already passed through the town in great haste.

NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.



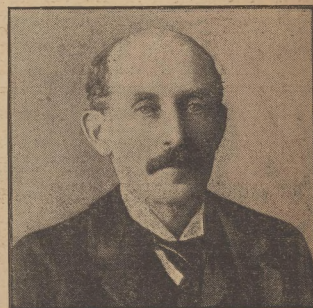
Dr. Cosmo Gordon Lang, Bishop of Step-  
ney, who is to be the new Bishop of  
Southwell.—(Russell and Sons.)

LADY GREY.



She is the wife of Earl Grey, the new  
Governor-General of Canada. — (Alice  
Hughes.)

NEW AMBASSADOR.



Sir Arthur Nicolson, Bart., who has been  
appointed H.M. Ambassador Extraor-  
dinary and Plenipotentiary at Madrid.  
(Amy Cassels.)

# COSMETICS IN THE KITCHEN—USEFUL BLOUSES.

## HOMELY REMEDIES.

### CORRECT DIET AS AN AID TO COMELINESS.

It should not be forgotten, in the absence of other cosmetics, that the kitchen will supply many a useful adjunct of the toilette. After a long ride in a motor-car on a dusty day unsalted butter or lard may take the place of face cream as a soothing application for the complexion.

### Oatmeal Imparts Softness to the Skin.

Milk is decidedly valuable for the complexion, and may be used in a number of ways. For bathing the face it is unequalled, while for removing discolorations and tan nothing is necessary but the addition of a tablespoonful of sulphur to a cup of this liquid.

For refining the skin fine oatmeal is most excellent. Half a handful may be used in a basin of water when the face is washed. An excellent remedy for tender feet is a bath of hot water in which a large teaspoonful of sea salt has been dissolved. Let the feet remain in the water for fifteen minutes, dry them, and then rub the soles with half a lemon.

The very thin woman must follow an entirely different regimen from the one she ordinarily pursues if she is determined to put flesh on her bones. Should she be inclined to worry she should try

to cheerful, jolly people, who are too light-hearted to relate harrowing tales to calist her sympathies.

Hurry is the twin brother to worry, so she should try to take life as leisurely as she may. Diet is of paramount importance, and while over-feeding must not be confused with a liberal diet the thin woman must eat plenty of only such foods as will yield substantial results. Milk and cream, eggs, starchy and sweet vegetables and fruits, beef, mutton and fish will certainly increase her weight, unless she has some chronic disease. Sleep is such an important factor in gaining flesh that a word on the subject must be added. The emaciated should secure ten hours of regular sleep each night in a well-ventilated room, and a half-hour nap during the day if possible. Should she be inclined to be restless during the night she should eat a light meal before retiring. A glass or two of warm milk and a slice of thickly buttered brown bread will be sufficient.

No matter how comfortable a soft bed and large, soft pillows may be, says a beauty specialist,



An afternoon model blouse forms the subject of the picture above. It is carried out in silk and lace, and the salient feature of it is the very deep silk belt, with its sharp point in front.

they are not healthy, and women especially would do well to avoid them, for they assist materially in injuring the physical appearance. When the body sinks down in a soft bed a considerable portion of the skin is robbed of its proper ventilation and the circulation is interfered with.

A hard bed will make the flesh firmer, and the figure must, therefore, be benefited. Large pillows are not good to sleep on, because the head is too high when it rests on them, and this prevents that deep, regular breathing that gives good lungs.

Try to sleep on the left side, and preferably with the arms at the back. This may be a little awkward at first, but as soon as it becomes an accustomed attitude it will be found the most restful and easy and the position in which sleep is most easily won. The arms set back throw the chest forward, make the shoulders broader, and the back straighter, so that material assistance towards a good carriage is thus obtained.

### SAILOR BLOUSE FOR GIRLS.

One of the fads of the hour for the girl who is fond of sport is nothing more nor less than a blouse, or "jumper," which slips over the head exactly like those worn by sailors and small boys and girls. It has a draw string in the slot that ties snugly about the waist, and is built of linen, duck, cotton, flannel, or serge. Worn with a smart sailor collar and a hand-embroidered shield or anchor on the left sleeve, to give the finishing touch, it is comfortable and smart, though, unfortunately, it is only becoming to a very slight figure.

### BEAUTIFUL CUT GLASS.

Cut-glass bowls frequently do service either as flower or fruit holders, small sizes being utilised also for bonbons. There is a new design in cut glass that consists of a tall flower vase with a bowl for a base, which can be inverted so that the fruit or bonbon dish comes uppermost. This reversible dish is exceedingly decorative as well as useful.

## THE FRYING-PAN.

### HINTS UPON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

Frying is a process of cooking by immersion in smoking hot fat, and presupposes the use of a large quantity of fat, which, thinks the inexperienced housekeeper, must be both expensive and



The morning shirt shown here might be built of flannel or delaine. Mark the simplicity of the scheme—for simplicity characterises the best autumn models.

wasteful, but is not, for if proper care is given to it the same fat may be used over and over again for frying all sorts of food.

Fish balls, for instance, are usually fried in a few spoonfuls of fat in a frying-pan. The correct word to use is sauté, from the French, which we translate as cooking in a small quantity of fat. This fat is entirely absorbed in the process of cooking, and when more is to be cooked fresh fat must be taken. In true frying a portion of the larger quantity is bound to be absorbed, but it is much less than in the other method. Another and still more weighty consideration is the fact that articles fried by immersion in fat are not as difficult of digestion as those which have been sautéed in a little fat.

In many houses lard is the usual frying medium. Its one fault is that it contains too little stearine, but this is easily remedied by adding to it one-third of its bulk of rendered beef suet.

Having fat in sufficient quantity in the saucepan, or frying-pan, it should be heated until a thin blue smoke rises from the circumference to the centre. Should the fat contain any water it will bubble and splutter; but long before it has reached the desired heat the water will have evaporated and the fat have become still.

To test the heat drop in the fat a small piece of white bread; if it turns golden brown in half a minute the fat is hot enough for frying such small articles as croquettes. For uncooked food, such as bread-crumbed chops, smelts, or raw potatoes, the bread tester should turn a deep brown within the half-minute.

Too many croquettes or other food should not be cooked at once, or the temperature will be lowered and they may become fat-soaked. Three or four croquettes, or oysters, are sufficient to cook at once in a small frying-pan. When they are taken out a moment or two should always be allowed to elapse before cooking more, so that the fat may have time to regain its first temperature. Croquettes and other cooked articles are ready as soon as they are browned, which usually takes about a minute; raw ones, which must be cooked as well as browned, need about five minutes, and when they begin to colour must be drawn to one side, so that the heat may penetrate and cook the interior without

burning the surface. In most cases foods which are to be fried are encased in a covering containing egg in some form. For instance, they are dipped in raw egg, then rolled in crumbs, or an egg-and-flour batter is used. This is partly for the sake of appearance, but largely because the intense heat instantly cooks the egg and forms a casing round the food, which preserves the juices in raw foods and prevents cooked ones from absorbing the fat. For this reason care should be taken that in dipping them into either egg or batter every portion of the surface of the article to be fried should be properly coated.

When fried foods are taken from the hot fat they should be held over it for an instant to drip; then laid on unglazed paper and spread on a shallow pan. Any melted fat remaining on them is absorbed by the paper, and they may be served if desired on table napkins laid on hot dishes. Do not let the pieces of food touch each other or they will lose their crispness.

## FULL DRESS TOILETTES.

### BURNT ORANGE IS A FAVOURITE COLOUR.

Coloured evening gowns are being much worn, and the favourite colours are delicate greens and various shades of yellow. Small flowers arranged in garlands, tiny bunches, or scattered carelessly on the fabric, form a most effective trimming.

Transparent gauze textures, such as point d'esprit, net, and mousseline de soie are as popular as ever. Point d'esprit is charming, as it lends itself to all the modes of trimming that are so fashionable—gatherings, folds, or flounces. With evening gowns, as well as with other costumes, several kinds of material appear in one frock, and not only are two or three laces found side by side, but tiny ruchings of tulle are now used to trim muslin gowns. Skirts are shorter, but at the sides and in the front there must be from one to two inches of material on the ground. In other words, the smart skirt is ruffled.

As a general rule the skirts are gathered, pleated, or tucked at the waist-line and finished at the foot with one, two, or more deep tucks or folds. Very often the skirt is covered from the knee down with a mass of small tucks; again, the material is gathered at the waist-line, and from there left to fall gracefully to the knees, and from that point are placed four or five narrow ruffles of silk muslin, with between each ruche wreaths or garlands of flowers. Small flowers of all kinds are still very popular, and autumn berries are used profusely.

## Cool, sturdy

## Brains

are built by

## Grape-Nuts

The slow digestion of meats and undercooked porridges robs the brain of its blood and makes it dull.

Not only do Grape-Nuts contain the brain building elements phosphate of potash, albumen, etc., but they are quickly and easily assimilated and turned into blood, which the brain must have to do its work well.

## Beauty.

ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, Nature's harmless complexion tonic, immediately restores the delicate pearly hues, and prevents the skin from becoming shiny when warm. Deliciously perfumed. Cools the complexion. Bottles or tubes 1s. Send 2p. stamps for two samples (different scents)—Icilm Co., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C.

## Force

saves half an hour in getting breakfast ready. No cooking.



The charming evening blouse depicted above is made of cream crepe de Chine, and has a deeper cream lace yoke, elbow frills, and a front of the same where the blouse is opened just above the belt. Four paste buttons decorate it.

got to be so intense in unimportant matters; should shut her eyes, in a sense, to everything tiresome. The troubles that never happen wear out the nerves and destroy the health more completely than those that do come. She should read only pleasant books, and talk as much as possible

### Vi-Cocoa Makes Men Cheerful.

The work of Mr. H. Hockley, of 5, Lorrimer-road, Walworth, London, compelled him to be out in all winds and weathers, and until six weeks ago he used to get very depressed and always seemed tired and weary. Do you ever have such feelings? If so, follow Mr. Hockley's advice. He says: "A friend of mine advised me to try Vi-Cocoa. I did so, and since using it regularly I can safely say I feel quite another man, and am always cheerful."

Merit alone is what is claimed for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and the Proprietors are prepared to send to any reader who names this Journal, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, free, and post paid, upon receipt of a post card to the Head Office, 60, Bunhill-row, London, E.C.; or you can purchase a 6d. packet, or 9d., or 1s. 6d. tin from any grocer or stores. Vi-Cocoa is the cheapest and best food beverage in the world.

## HOLIDAY HARVEST.

## 1904 Has Proved a Profitable Year for the Seaside.

"Leap Year, 1904, of happy memory!" Something to this effect will be the epitaph of the season now drawing to a close all round the bright girdle of holiday resorts on the south coast.

There may have been, in the dim and distant past, better harvests for the thousand-and-one boarding-house keepers. All the same, the grateful landlords and landladies are disposed, in the fulness of their joy, to crown the summer of 1904 with a record wreath.

One thing is certain—the ruin wrought by the rains of 1903 has been redeemed. Money-bags

that had shrunk to limp proportions have once more put on weight and girth.

This is pre-eminently true of Margate, Ramsgate, and gentled Broadstairs, through which hundreds of swift electric trams have been plying daily for months, with an average freight of forty penny-fares for each journey.

These fine cars are more than a convenient means of getting from place to place. They have come to be regarded as delectable "drives" with all classes.

## Unequalled Turnover.

Though the remark is sometimes heard that money has been a little tight, it is frankly admitted that the turnover has never been equalled.

Any complaint that is heard may generally be discounted as due rather to habit than to conviction. People who live by lodgers, whether in Bloomsbury or Margate, are a little like farmers.

From the beginning of May till the end of August nothing but prohibitive-charges accounted

for rooms remaining unoccupied for a succession of days.

As a rule, the clamant holidaymakers have been willing to pay well for their temporary abodes, and it is due to the boarding-house keepers to say that they have not charged extortionate rates, preferring to amass "fortunes" by the sound economic policy of sweat reasonableableness.

The same is true of the Palace, the Belle, and the "Navvie" steamboats. Hundreds of thousands of Londoners have inhaled the ozone from their decks since the season opened.

Even the poorest of "poor sailors" have had little to fear from the sea that has seldom displayed any bad temper. The Palace officials cheerfully acknowledge an excellent season. Their week-end excursions have been uniformly good.

Of all who minister to the merry-making of the holidaymakers, the donkeys and goats on the sands appeared to be the only beings with a grievance. Their fancies plainly told that their backs ached with carrying the white man's little burdens.

## GENERAL STOESSSEL'S "BUMPS."

## London Phrenologist on the Defender of Port Arthur.

Mr. O'Dell, the Ludgate-circus phrenologist, thus analyses the character of General Stoessel, the gallant defender of Port Arthur:—

General Stoessel should have been a Jap. His head is of a certain prevalent Japanese type. It is probable that he has in him—as have many Russians—a strain of Mongolian blood.

"His head is of by no means a high type, but it indicates the possession of many solidly qualities, and, in particular, great physical courage and fearlessness of death. The General has less, perhaps, of moral courage. He has more than a soldier's terror of disgrace, and he is greatly lacking in hopefulness.

"He is the sort of man to fight with willing followers to the last cartridge—and after."

## LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

## CHAPTER XXVIII. (continued).

Gramphorn and his mother moved to Deal the next day. He at once began to make inquiries for Captain Small. He came across a sailor on the parade and questioned him. He learnt that the fishing smack had been sold, and that Captain Small had purchased a smart pleasure boat. He also learnt that the worthy captain was now a man of independent means and lived in a comfortable house on the front, that he went out in the Lady Bird just when he pleased, and did not seem to care whether he got any passengers or not. Gramphorn's suspicions were aroused. He gave the sailor half a crown and asked further questions. He ascertained that Captain Small had purchased the Lady Bird a fortnight after Stanyon's suicide, and had also at the same time moved from his cottage to the snug little residence that he at present occupied.

"There she is, sir," said the man, pointing to a large open yawl some hundred yards from the shore. "She's a beauty to sail, sir."

Gramphorn looked at the boat with interest, but he was not admiring her beauty.

"What would a boat like that cost?" he asked. "Bout £500, may be £600," the man answered. "Lot of money for a fisherman," said Gramphorn. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Is Captain Small about?" Gramphorn continued.

"No, he ain't, sir. He's up in London for the day. He'll be here to-morrow morning I expect. Want a sail, sir?"

"No thanks, not to-day. Good afternoon," and Gramphorn went back to his lodgings. He had much to think over that evening. It was clear to him that this man had found Stanyon dead or alive, and had taken the money. If so, it had to be recovered. Stanyon had left a will, in which he had bequeathed all his worldly goods and possessions to Juliet Amerlie. So far Juliet had received nothing. Stanyon clearly had all his available cash about his person. Gramphorn had strong suspicions that it had all passed into the pockets of Captain Small. It had to be recovered. Gramphorn, therefore, withdrew from the monetary problems of finance, seized on the episode with cheerful avidity, and, before he went to bed that night, he had decided how to deal with the matter.

The next morning he strolled down to the front and discovered Captain Small leaning against a boat, with a short day pipe in his mouth. He was not prepossessing to look at. The ugliness of his face was only partially concealed by a short black beard. His upper lip and his cheeks were clean shaven. It was significant that he stood alone. All the other men chatted in little groups. He was pointed out to Mr. Gramphorn, and the latter approached him affably.

"Going out to-day," he asked cheerily. Captain Small eyed him with evident disfavour.

"If it's worth my while," he growled.

"I should like to go for a sail," said Gramphorn. "That's a nice boat of yours."

"She is," replied the man grimly, and then relapsed into silence.

"Will you take me for a sail," asked Gramphorn. The man laughed derisively.

"My hands are all out fishing," he replied. "I suppose you think you and I could manage her," and again he laughed.

"I know nothing about sailing," said Gramphorn. "I should go as a passenger."

"Can you pull on a rope?" asked Captain Small, "make yourself useful?" and he looked contemptuously at Gramphorn's new blue serge suit and immaculate linen.

"I am fairly strong," Gramphorn said, modestly enough for a man whose whole body was a mass of hard muscle. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you'll work and I'll give me a quid, I'll take you in the Dorothy," and for your own sake I hope you are a good sailor," and he scanned the horizon with a sudden scowl.

"I shan't be sick," said Gramphorn humbly, "and it's as calm as a mill pond."

"Aye, it's calm enough; but look to the south-west," Gramphorn looked, and saw a dark fringe of clouds on the edge of the sea.

"I'll risk it," he said quietly, and he laid his hand on the pocket of his coat. He had taken the precaution of bringing a revolver with him.

In half an hour's time the Dorothy was moving slowly along the coast towards Dover, with a faint south-west breeze just filling her sails. She was a five-ton cutter, and could be easily managed in all weathers by two men, one of whom was a daring and skilful sailor. After they were under way Gramphorn had nothing to do, and, lying full length on the deck, basked lazily in the sun. Captain Small was at the tiller.

By the time they were off Dover they were seven miles from the shore. Gramphorn raised himself from his lethargy, and, going aft, sat down within two yards of Captain Small. The latter had scarcely opened his mouth, save to give orders and to growl out an oath as Gramphorn made some excusable mistake.

"Now, Captain Small," said the financier quietly, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"Then you'd better look sharp," replied the sailor, "for there's a squall coming up, and we'll be in the thick of it in a few minutes. Just take the tiller while I make things snug."

Gramphorn took the tiller, and Captain Small reefed the mainsail down three and put up a storm jib. Then he rested his place at the helm.

"That'll be as much as she can carry; now what have you got to say?"

"Do you remember the night Mr. Mantering committed suicide off the Dieppe boat?" Captain Small looked up suspiciously.

"Yes, I remember," he replied. "I helped to look for the body."

"Yes, I know," said Gramphorn quietly, "and you found it."

"What the hell do you mean?"

"You found it," continued Gramphorn. "Mr. Mantering had a large sum of money on him. You took the money, and threw the body back into the water."

Captain Small looked the tiller and clenched his brawny fists. The boat swung round into the wind and the sails flapped. Captain Small's exact language cannot be put into print, but the sum total of it was that he would break every bone in Gramphorn's body.

"Go back to the tiller," the financier said, taking his revolver out of his pocket. "And if you want to escape being sent to goal, you had better behave yourself. I know the whole story, and have got evidence to prove it."

"It's a cursed lie," cried the sailor, resuming his plucking at the tiller, and who are you, anyway, meddling with other people's affairs?"

"My name is Gramphorn," the financier said. "You may have heard of it."

"Aye," the man replied, with a grim smile, "I've heard of it."

"Well, you have got to give the money up," Gramphorn continued, "it's all been left by will to a lady, and I'm going to see that she gets it."

"Oh, all I've been left by will, has it," the man replied, chuckling quietly to himself.

"If you will give it up," Gramphorn went on, "I will take no further proceedings in the matter."

"In the first place," growled Captain Small, "I haven't got the money, and if I had, you wouldn't make me give it up."

"Very well," Gramphorn said, "then you know what to expect. I am not very sure in my own mind that it won't be a case of murder. You may have picked Mr. Mantering out of the water alive, robbed him, and thrown him back to drown. You look as if you wouldn't stick at a trifle. I will soon find out. You were not alone on the boat that night."

"No," Captain Small replied, "I weren't alone."

"I will find out your mate soon enough."

"Maybe," the sailor replied, with a grin; "he's dead—drowned, poor fellow, about a month ago. He was a bad lot, was Bill, and maybe you'll find him when you die."

"I'd rather not use force; I daresay we'll come to terms."

"Well, shut your jaw for a bit," said Captain Small, "and keep your wits about you. We're going to have a bit of a dusting before we get home." Gramphorn looked into the south-west. Black clouds already covered half the sky, and a dark shimmer on the water showed the near approach of a squall. Captain Small put the boat about, and ran before the freshening breeze.

"Hold tight," he yelled, suddenly. The smooth water behind the boat leapt suddenly into waves, and the little craft seemed to jump right off the surface and fall with a shock, plunging her bows into a cataract of foam.

In less than five minutes the sea had risen to such an extent that the waves began to break over the stern of the boat, and both Gramphorn and Captain Small were drenched to the skin.

"Enjoying yourself?" shouted Small, "this is nothing to what we'll get in a minute."

"Is the storm going to get worse?" asked Gramphorn.

"No!" shouted the captain, "but I can't keep this course much longer, or we'll be on the cliffs. I'll have to reach in a minute, if we want to make Deal. Here, catch hold of the main sheet." Gramphorn took the rope in his hands.

"Now then, pull in for all you're worth," cried Captain Small. Gramphorn exerted all his strength and hauled in the rope foot by foot till the boom was nearly over the tiller. Never before had he realised the force of the wind against a few square feet of canvas.

"Hold on," yelled the captain, and he altered the course for Deal. As the wind struck the boat it was as though he heeled over and the water poured into the cockpit. For a moment it seemed to Gramphorn as though he were standing upright with his back against the deck. Then the captain eased her off a bit, and the Dorothy assumed a more upright position.

"Frightened?" said the sailor. Gramphorn smiled contentedly, as he thought of the trenches in Mashonaland.

"I have every confidence in your seamanship," he replied.

"Yes," Captain Small said, "this is nothing, but you would find it a bit awkward if you were in the boat alone. For instance, if you had shot me. You would have been at the bottom by now. Can you swim?"

"No, I can't," replied Gramphorn. An evil look came into the man's face, and the financier was half sorry that he had admitted the fact.

"Well, you may have to try," continued Captain Small, "unless you swear to me to drop all this nonsense about Mr. Mantering's money."

"I have no intention of dropping it," replied Gramphorn, "you have practically confessed your crime."

The captain bore away a bit from the wind, and the water came swirling in up to their knees.

"Right you are," the man said grimly, and once more he altered the course of the boat more into the wind.

"What are you up to?" cried Gramphorn.

"I am going to run her on the rocks," replied Captain Small. "You will be drowned. I shall probably escape." Gramphorn took out his revolver. It was dripping with water, but the well-greased brass cartridges were warranted to withstand damp.

"You won't escape," he answered quietly, "for directly we break up I shall shoot you."

The captain eyed the weapon thoughtfully. Things seemed to have come to a deadlock. Then a sudden and unexpected thing occurred. The captain's thoughts had been withdrawn for a moment from the work that required all his attention. The mainsail fluttered.

"Haul in the mainsheet," yelled the captain, "she's gybing." Gramphorn dropped the revolver and pulled with all his strength. But he was too

late. The boom swung clean over across the boat, missed Gramphorn's head by an inch, and catching the Captain's shoulder, sent him spinning into the sea. Then it crashed over on to the other side, carried away the mast, and the boat lay helpless as a log.

Gramphorn's first thought was for Captain Small. The man deserved death, but Gramphorn could not afford to let him die. He crawled over the side, and, tying the end of the mainsheet round his arm, plunged boldly into the waves. He struggled towards Captain Small, who, half paralysed by the blow, had sunk twice into the water. Gramphorn reached him as he rose a third time, gripped his coat, and hauled in by the rope until they reached the Dorothy. With a strenuous effort he got himself and the Captain on board. Then he found a flask of brandy and poured some of it down the man's throat. In less than a minute the Captain revived, and staggered to his feet. His first thought was for the boat.

"The axe! Cut away the wreckage," he cried, holding on to the tiller and gasping for breath. Gramphorn found the axe and cleared the deck. The mast and mainsail went floating away with the tide, the mainsheet still holding them in tow.

"That'll do," said Captain Small, "we may want them later on. Now let down the anchor. Let all the chain out. We are on the flats here."

Gramphorn did as he was told, and the chain went rattling down, fathom after fathom, into the sea. The boat swung round into the wind.

"We're safe enough now," said Captain Small. He took up the flask, and taking a long pull at it, handed it to Gramphorn. There was an awkward silence. Captain Small appeared to be debating some question in his mind, for he frowned and bit his lip. He was the first to speak.

"You saved my life, Mr. Gramphorn," he said roughly, "and it was a damned plucky action for a man who can't swim."

"Don't thank me," replied the financier coldly, "your life is of value to me."

"You are quite on the wrong tack," said Captain Small. "I never robbed Mr. Mantering of a farthing, and can prove it, if you get up a case against me."

"How can you prove it?" asked Gramphorn.

"Well, you have saved my life," replied the sailor, "and I may as well do you a good turn and clear myself at the same time. I did pick up Mr. Mantering the night he jumped overboard."

"Yes," said Gramphorn, "I knew it. And you got his money?"

"Some of it," replied the sailor, "only some of it. I got what he gave me."

"What he gave you?" queried Gramphorn, in surprise.

"Yes," replied the captain, "Mr. Mantering, or whatever his name may be, gave me a large sum of money, and he is still alive."

(To be continued.)

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## ARMY OF MADMEN.

## English Asylums Hold a Population as Large as Brighton's.

Lunacy in the British Islands is growing at an alarming rate. Last year there was an increase of no fewer than 3,235 insane people as compared with the previous year, and the average annual increase for the past ten years is 2,513.

These figures are obtained from the fifty-eighth annual report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, issued yesterday in the form of a Blue-book.

The total number of persons certified as insane last year was 117,198 (population about equal to that of Brighton), and the Commissioners announce the startling fact that these numbers "have for some time past been steadily increasing at a greater rate than the growth of the population."

The increase is practically confined to the pauper class. On January 1 this year there were no fewer than 104,771 pauper lunatics in these islands.

Alcoholic intemperance takes a chief place among the physical causes of insanity, being as high as 22.8 per cent. among male patients, and 9.5 in female patients.

The mental balance in women is more disturbed by "domestic troubles" than it is in men.

Mental anxiety, worry, and overwork were the assigned causes in 5 per cent. of the cases.

The Commissioners protest against the tendency to undue increase in the size of asylums for the insane poor, and suggest a simpler form of construction of asylums.

## WONDERS IN WEDDING CAKE.

## Gothic and Calvinistic Specimens at Islington.

In the galleries of the Agricultural Hall there is a spot sacred to confectioners and engaged couples. It is the spot where the prize wedding cakes are shown.

The prize wedding cakes are the most attractive feature of the Confectioners' and Bakers' Exhibition, just now in full swing. They touch everyone nearly. The unmarried man gazes at them and thanks his fate that they do not menace his peace. To the engaged man they exist in a sort of cold glow etherealised beyond mere fact. To the married man they revive, perhaps, painful memories.

The first prize in Class 4a, where the height and size of the cake is optional, is awarded to a stupendous erection, which, when distributed, would allay a city's hunger for wedding cake. Happiness, peace, health, love, and prosperity are wished to its happy owners on labels which are marvels of ingenuity. Each tier is supported upon chaste columns.

Such was the "ornamented" school in cake architecture. The palm of simplicity was won by the cakes shown in the Scotch competition. Bare, Calvinistic-looking structures, they symbolised the wind-swept mountainous quality of their home.

## MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S SEASON.

"The Golden Light" will most probably be produced on Thursday, the 22nd inst., at the Savoy.

It is a play of great human interest, in four acts. The first three acts are in England and the last one in Corsica (Ajaccio).

In addition to Mrs. Brown-Potter the cast will include Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. V. L. Abingdon, Mr. Loring Fernie, and Miss Mabel Beardsley. The play will be produced by Mr. Gilbert Hare.

Mr. J. H. Leigh has now settled to open the Court Theatre with the "Hippolytus of Euripides" translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's new play, "John Bull's Other Island," will be the second production of the series.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**ASTHMA CURED** by Zematone.—Write for free trial box to Cornford, 4, Lloyd's-st., London.

**UNION GINSENG**—Cures tender feet, corns, chilblains; 14 stamps.—Chiropodist, 86, Regent-st., London.

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**SMOKE STOPS** collected and placed promptly.—Author, 1, Cambridge-rd., Battersea Park.

**SIX TIMES TOO MUCH COAL BURNED**—Write Sugar House Mill Company, Stratford.

**SUCCESS, happiness, riches**—Wear white heather Charm; send 1s.—Lorne, 41, Fitzroy-st., London.

**THE Anti-Vaccination Pamphlet** briefly outlines a new theory of disease, showing clearly, in its relation to small-pox, the futility of vaccination; post free, 3d.—Carrie and Co., 57, Gracechurch-st., E.C.

**VARICOSE Veins** are dangerous; don't neglect; send for catalogue and samples, free. New White Cross Elastic Stockings; marvellous relief.—Surgical Appliance Manufacturing Co., 251, Sherwood-st., Nottingham.

**WANTED**, one or two good families' Washing.—Apply 250, Woolwich-rd., Charlton.

**WRINKLES**—New cure makes the skin like velvet; post free, 10s. 6d.; sample 1s.—From Mrs. Herbert, Skin Specialist, 88, New Bond-st.

Other Small Advertisements on pages 2 and 10.

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7 the jockeys."

the jockeys."

the jockeys."

SURREY'S GOOD FINISH.

Crawford and Smith Dismiss Leicester-  
shire Twice in a Day.

On a pitch that exactly suited him, Smith bowled splendidly and took five wickets at a cost of only 43 runs per wicket.

Being in a minority of 273, Leicestershire were, of course, compelled to follow on, and they fared even more disastrously in their second innings, being dismissed in seventy minutes for 67.

Crawford and Smith bowled superbly. After lunch Crawford took five wickets for 14 runs, his full record being six for 28.

SURREY.			
Hayward, c Whiteside b		J. N. Crawford, lbw b	
King	28	King	27
J. E. Raphael, c and b		Baker, not out	
Hayes, c J. E. Odell	59	Davis, c King b Odell	102
Nice, retired hurt	51	Stedman, not out	0
Goatly, c Crawford b		Extras	19
Odell	0	Total (6 wks)	393
Innings declared closed			

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C. E. B. Wood, c Davis		c Montgomery b Smith...	4
C. J. C. ...	6	b Crawford ...	21
C. E. de Trafford, c and b Crawford ...	0	c Hayward b Crawford ...	21
R. Joyce ...	0		
King, c Crawford b	10	c and b Crawford ...	2
Knight, c Davis b Smith	10	c sub b Smith ...	0
Whitehead, c Davis b	30	c sub b Smith ...	32
V. F. S. Crawford, b	12	b Crawford ...	2
Montgomery ...	12	b Smith ...	0
Gill ...	12	c and b Crawford ...	0
W. W. Odell, b Smith ...	11	not out ...	0
W. Popp, c b Smith ...	2	b Crawford ...	6
Whitehead ...	0		
Extras ...	3	Extras ...	6
Total ...	120	Total ...	67

BOWLING ANALYSIS.									
SURREY—First Innings.									
	o. m. r.-w.			o. m. r.-w.					
Odell .....	5	11	91	3	King .....	26	7	50	33
Althrop .....	3	11	53	1	Whitehead .....	14	0	53	0
Gill .....	18	0	86	0	Wood .....	5	0	24	0

Gill bowled three and Wood two no-balls, and King one wide.

LEICESTERSHIRE—First Innings.									
	o. m. r.-w.			o. m. r.-w.					
Smith .....	15	3	53	1	Montgomery .....	5	1	19	2
Crawford ..	11	1	55	3					

Second Innings.

Crawford ..	11	3	28	6	Smith .....	11	3	33	4
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### WET FINISH TO SCARBOROUGH.

After some unprecedented fine weather there was wet wind-up to the festival at Scarborough yesterday, only about an hour and a quarter's cricket being possible in the concluding stage of the third and last match.

Hirst and Rhodes, not out respectively 84 and 43, increased the total to 304, their partnership realising 129 for the seventh stand. Hirst, whose ninth century it was this season, batted for, roughly, two hours and twenty minutes with a giving, real chance, and his green 43, which was his last, was a fine specimen of the modern stroke.

The game was eventually abandoned as a draw owing to rain coming on. Full score is—

NORTH.		Second Inning.	
R. H. Spooner, c Huish b	1	c Vine b Relf .....	12
Relf .....	16	c Thompson b Bosanquet ..	21
H. Wilkinson, b Thompson	4	lbw b Blythe .....	61
Denton, lbw b Bosanquet	23	c Fields b Blythe .....	18
Tidley, at Huish b	18	c Relf b Bosanquet .....	16
Trancliffe, st Huish b	19	c Huish b Bosanquet .....	113
Bosanquet .....	10	b Thompson .....	7
Gunn, c Warner b Relf	3	not out .....	5
quest .....	39	b Thompson .....	8
Rhodes, c Relf b Thompson	10	not out .....	7
Huish .....	8	b Thompson .....	17
Huish, c Grover b Relf	1	not out .....	1
quest .....	18	b Thompson .....	1
E. Smith, at Huish b	17	not out .....	1
Bosanquet .....	6	not out .....	1
Hunter, not out .....	6	not out .....	1

Total .....	241	Total 9 wks) ..	331
* Innings declared closed.			
SOUTH.			
Vine, lbw b Gunn .....	15	H. Leveson-Gower, not	
Humphreys, b Hirst ....	21	out .....	
C. L. Townsend, c Rhodes		Huish, c Tunncliffe b	
b Hirst .....	65	Rhodes .....	
n L. T. Bowden .....		Rythe, c Wilkinson b	

P. F. Warner, b Gunn ..	0	Rhodes .....	
Relf, c Tunncliffe b		Fielder, c Tyklesley b	
Gunn .....	84	Gunn .....	
Thompson, c Hunter b		Extras .....	14
Rhodes .....	28	Total .....	296

Second Innings: Humphreys (b Hirst) 0, C. L. Townson (not out) 22, P. F. Warner (not out) 20; total (for 1 wkt, 42

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**DRAW AT HASTINGS.**

The match between the South of England and the South Africans at Hastings yesterday ended in a draw. This was the last match of the Colonials' very successful

tour. Full score:—

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hearne (A.), b Schwarz.. 4	c Llewellyn b Schwarz.. 1
Wraithall, c Tancred b	

Schwarz	19	c Hathorn b Llewellyn	1
Braund, c Halliwell b			
Sinclair	2	b Sinclair	1
S. H. Day, c Mitchell b			
Schwarz	1	c Sinclair b Llewellyn	1
G. E. Jessop, not out	159		

Seymour, b Sinclair	0	e Horwath b Sinclair	0
Trott, b Schwarz	12	c Mitchell b Sinclair	0
M. W. Payne, c and b Schwarz	2	not out	4
Cox b Kotze	17	not out	13
Hearne (J. T.), c Mitchell b Kotze	14		
H. Hesketh-Prichard, lbw			

6 Schwarz .....	0	
Extras .....	7	Extras .....
Total .....	237	Total (6 wks) ..*125

\* Innings declared closed.

SOUTH AFRICANS

L. J. Tancred, lbw b	J. J. Kotze, run out ..
Braund ..... 3	G. White, c Wrathall b
W. Shalders, b Braund .. 0	Hearne .....
M. Hathorn, c J. T.	R. O. Schwarz, not out 1
Hearne, b Braund .... 20	E. A. Halliwell, c and b

J. H. Sinclair, c A.	Trott	
Hearne b Braund	S. E. Horwood, c Braund	
F. Mitchell, b Prichard	b Trott	1
Llewellyn, c Braund b	Extras	1
Trott		
	Total	25

Second Innings: L. Tancrède (c A. Hearne & Wainman) 13, W. Shalders (not out) 12, M. Hathorn (not out) 3, extras 8 total (for 1 wkt), 38.

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TO-DAY'S MATCH.

At Hastings (the Hastings Festival): North v. South



